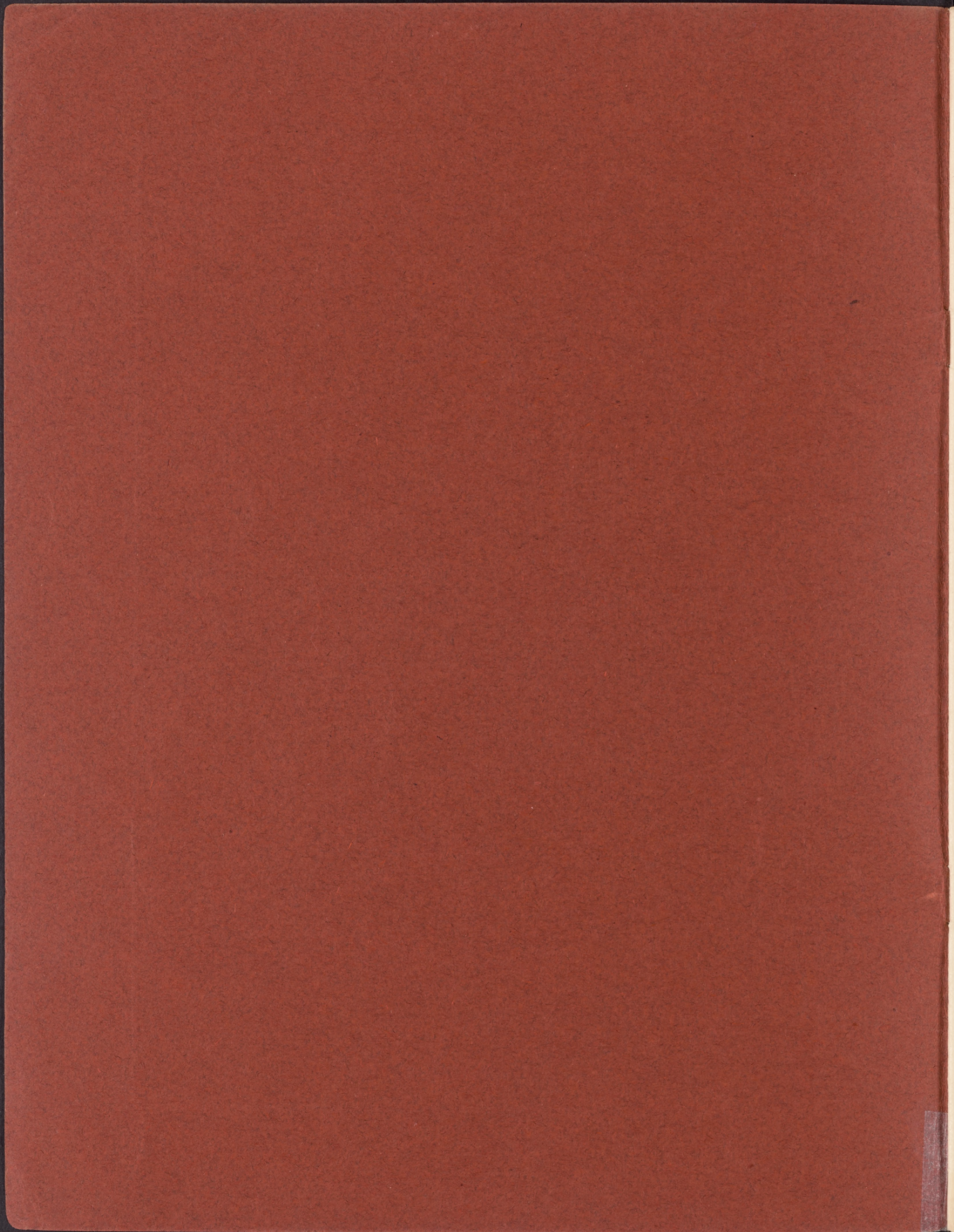


March 1911



THE ECHO



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THE ECHO



VOL. II

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, MARCH, 1911

No. 8

THE SPRING HOUSE

By Dorothy Westrup.



NE cold winter evening, all the girls at the Sorority House who were not studying, decided to go down to Leila Baxter's room, to toast marshmallows, for her room was the only one in the house which had a fire-place, and therefore was a source of envy for all the lower classmen, only the Senior girls being allowed the privilege of occupying this room.

On this particular evening, Leila's roommate was out, so seven or eight of us took advantage of this fact, and we all filed down to her room in our kimonos, each carrying one or two cushions and a hat pin.

Rather a sleepy "come in," greeted our knock on the door, and we all scrambled in, to find Leila curled up in a big arm chair, a magazine in her lap, gazing into the fire.

"Hello Lee! What you doing; building castles?"

"Come on, girls; make yourselves comfy if you can: I'm too lazy to move—Marshmallows? Oh joy! I've been aching for some. Hand me a hat pin someone, will you?"

With this we all curled up around the fire, and each armed with a hat pin with a marshmallow at the end of it, began toasting our sweets, and incidentally our faces.

"Now for a story!" somebody cried; and immediately Leila said:

"Say, girls, I've got a dandy! I've been reading a story, 'The Portrait in the Hid

Room.' I guess most of you have read it—it's spooky, you know, and in some ways it makes me think of a story my mother told us some time ago. This story of 'The Portrait in the Hid Room' contains a mystery which isn't cleared up or explained, and the tale I shall tell you also has a mystery, but it is explained. Do you want it? It's a true one."

Leila always was a good story-teller, so we all were eager for her to begin. This is the story she told:

"You perhaps know, girls, that a great uncle of mine was a sculptor. He owned quite an extensive estate in England, but never married, always declaring he was wedded to his work, and he certainly seemed to be, for he scarcely left the estate, and very few people ever visited him. No one knew quite what he did with his marble statues, for he never sold them or gave them away, and yet he was always at work in his den upon them, as his servants often said. He at one time hinted at a new invention which he was working upon, but would never tell what it was and no one was allowed in his den at any time.

"When uncle died, at a very old age, the estate came to my great aunt, his youngest sister, and she went to reside there soon after his death.

"The strange thing was that very few traces of his work could be found—only a

few things in his den, which were inferior pieces, and even the servants knew nothing of what had become of his work.

"This, of course, was very mystifying, and bade fair to never be cleared up, until, quite by accident, my mother, who, with her younger sister, was then visiting my aunt, in reading one of the old books in the library, found a slip of paper, dated a few days before the death of my uncle, bearing the words, 'All can be found in the Spring House.'

"The Spring House! Where was the Spring House, and what was it? No one seemed to know of such a place, and so the servants were questioned. At last one old, gray-haired man, who had been in uncle's service from boyhood, when questioned about the Spring House, paled, and shook like a leaf, telling us that it was a house of spirits in the middle of the woods on the estate. He had seen ghosts moving in the house one night as he was coming home late through the woods, he said. The old man could tell them no more for he had been too frightened to go near the place again, but when he was questioned as to the location of the house they gathered that it was in the middle of the wood at the head of a small stream, and one could reach it by following the stream. Naturally this story made everyone curious; my mother and sister—girls at that time—being especially excited over it and anxious to go there at once. My great aunt, however, thought it would be wise to make up a large party so that the girls would not be frightened at anything unnatural.

"Accordingly, she got up a house-party, and one moonlight night, a party of eight, four young men and four girls, started out to solve the mystery. Each of the party was provided with a candle and matches, and they were glad of them for the woods were very gloomy and everything appeared weiry and uncanny.

"As they neared the lonely house their

boisterous spirits began to lag—for the house certainly appeared as if haunted, its bleak windows like two great eyes watching the intruders as they came up. Mother, however, who had been very anxious all along to solve the mystery, declared that she was not afraid, and forthwith marched up to the door and attempted to open it. The door did not respond to her push and so the others came up to help her. Suddenly it flew open and two of the girls, my mother and one other, fell flat on their faces upon the floor of the room. Only two candles were alight by that time and by their flickering light the young people beheld a blood-curdling sight. In the middle of the room were the figures of two men, one in the act of stabbing the other.

"With a cry, the girls drew back, and as they did so the figures in the room moved.

"It moves!' they all cried—and so it did—the arm with the up-raised knife came down upon the throat of its victim and raised again as if to strike another blow. An awful groan followed. The girls were panic stricken and rushed from the terrible place, closely followed by the boys, and all reached home in short order in a hysterical state; some of the girls nearly crazed with terror.

"But the mystery was not yet solved; in fact, it was much more complicated than ever before, and no one was anxious to revisit the haunted house to unravel the affair. However, the news of this exploit soon spread and a body of twelve men finally decided to brave the terrors of the Spring House in the day time. And this is the explanation:

"All of uncle's statuary he had placed in this lonely house and in them he had made use of his invention. He had devised a way of making his statues act out whatever they were supposed to be doing by machinery. The mechanism which worked this machinery was connected by springs, underneath certain boards in the floor, and when these

boards were stepped on the figures, of course, moved.

"When the girls, on that evening, fell forward on the floor they pressed the board under which was the spring which worked

this gruesome piece of statuary. The groan was caused by the rusty machinery.

"Come, girls; let's go and visit the old Spring House!"

"No thanks; not tonight!"

STOPPING THE REDS AT DEAD MAN'S CROSSING

By Bruce Mermann.



HE old puncher filled his pipe and told us his favorite story, which I give just as I heard it.

"Hello," cried Bill, as he sprang from his little mustang, and started to unload his saddle.

"Hello," I replied, "What's up?"

I had noticed, when I first saw him come into sight over Diamond Ridge, that he had a larger load on his saddle than usual.

"Well, old Lone Wolf is out again and will be here before we'll have time to give him a warm reception, I'm thinkin'."

To see Bill unloading his saddle, you would have thought that mustang would be pulled off its feet. He was soon through and then asked me what my plan was.

I knew that if I let him have his way he would stand out and dare old Lone Wolf himself to shoot at him; so I told him to go over to the Tripple Bar ranch and get the four punchers over there and we would stop them Reds at Deadman's Crossing or go hungry for a week.

Bill didn't like those last words at all, so was ready for anything. He jumped on to my mustang which was standing there and was off like a shot. I had taken the bridle off of Thundergust, which was my mustang's name, when I had turned him loose, but old Bill didn't even know it till he was half way to the Butcher Knife, which was a ridge about two miles from our palace.

The Tripple Bar ranch was a mile away, so I thought I'd fix up a bit and get our hardware out while he was gone. I jerked on my forty-dollar pair, of chaps and got out the hardware. We had come here to raise cattle, but we knew there were Reds about, so had quite a large stock of ornaments, such as Winchester, Colts, and a large stock of ammunition. I slipped two revolvers into the holsters at my side and got down two hunting knives. We had eight cartridge belts, which we had won in trades at the post. I got three and filled them for myself, and filled the rest for Bill, to take his pick out of. He was always a great hand to hang everything on himself when he heard of the Reds. It wasn't long before I heard him telling me to come out and bring some of his stuff. He got fixed up in about two shakes and we were off.

Only two of the fellows at Tripple Bar were home. The other two had gone hunting, off after a bunch of cattle. Bill had left a note where they could find it, telling them to come quick. It was about three miles to Deadman's Crossing, and we were soon there. We took our mustangs down stream a bit and tied them. Then we started to hunt good places to bombard the Reds from. After looking about a few minutes we had two good places picked out where the Reds would pass. Bill and Jimmy took a place behind two big trees, with boulders piled all around them. Lariat Pete and I

found another place which was formed something like a trench. It was about seven feet long and five feet deep.

Lariat Pete and I stayed in our place of concealment a few minutes, and Pete said, "Aw, let's go up and see if we can see anything coming." So we cautiously mounted the ridge and looked over. We looked all over but could see nothing. We must have lain there fifteen minutes scanning the plains with a glass, when the sharp report of a rifle was heard behind us and a bullet went whizzing by. We sprang up and ducked over the ridge, settling down on the other side. I found a bullet hole in my new chaps, and that raised my temper to one hundred and twenty-three degrees above sneezing (cussing) point. As we settled down on the other side of the right we saw how we had been fooled. Coming up the ridge were four of the Injuns on our mustags, riding as hard as they could. I threw my rifle to my shoulder and let drive at the nearest. He dropped from my saddle and fell to the ground, feet first, but sank down in a heap. The other three were soon put off our horses, and we lay there watching until reports of rifles were heard in the creek bed. We jumped up and were just starting to run for the brush where the Reds had come out, when the first Red I had shot, raised his gun and fired. The bullet went by, taking the lower part of Pete's ear with it. I let drive again and he went over, all stretched out this time.

Our ponies were put to flight by the firing, and so we made for the trees a little above, where it sounded like Bill and Jimmy were getting their's. We were seen coming and a few shots were sent somewhere in our hemisphere, but we didn't wait to see how close. We made for the other side of the creek as fast as we could. Pete stopped to wash the blood from his ear, and we hid in the brush just at the edge of the water. We hadn't been there two minutes before we heard a splash down the creek about four

rods. I peeked out and saw three Reds standing in the water, looking up and down stream. The firing had stopped altogether down stream now and we could hear everything.

"Here, Pete, them's too good shots to let go," I said. So I raised my rifle and fired. There were seven in the stream by this time. I aimed at the one who was just leaving the short. I got six of them before they could get anywhere near shore, but the seventh one got away.

We lay there listening, and began to think there were only a few Reds in the bunch, when just at that moment we heard the fiercest war cry that has ever been given. It almost deafened us. With it, about two hundred Reds started across the creek just above us. Pete hollered, "Don't shoot; let's run." So we started down the creek with the speed of so many bullets. We were making straight for the place where we thought our trench was, when we saw two heads peek up and shout, "This way, for your lives!" We fell in just as the bullets started to whirl. We found Bill and Jimmy and the other two punchers all in our trench. They had come while we had held the Reds up stream.

We started firing at the pack just breaking into view, and you bet we made a big hole in them the first thing. It looked as if they would not stop at all; but as soon as we got into them with a revolver in each hand they got a hunch that to get behind a tree wouldn't be a bad idea; so they made for the nearest ones.

The next thing they started to do was to surround us. There were trees all around us stationed somewhere between five and ten feet apart. Bill had a certain tree on his side that had saved him from a pack of wolves. "If one o' them painted devils gets past my old wolf-tree, I'll go out and deliberately cut him head off!"

The first one that tried it, fell before he had hardly taken one step. I saw one peek-

ing around a tree and let drive, and he went over. Three more tried it at one time, on Bill's side, and he only got two; the third managed to get to his tree. I heard Bill mutter, "You aint past that tree yit. Just poke your bloomin' nose out and it will be minus a head." He had no more than finished when the Red started. His whole body hadn't left the tree before Bill got him.

We then waited quite awhile, only getting a shot once in a while. We had begun to think they had almost left, when we heard that awful war whoop again; and the woods seemed to be all moving towards us. They were making the final rush to finish us. On they came—a yelling, shooting, painted band of demons. Near and nearer they came, until, as Bill put it, "It looked like our shalps wasn't worth a breath in a cyclone."

Just as they were about three rods from the trench something happened. Bill and Jimmy had nothing to do while we were scanning the plains, so they had rolled a large log up to the trench and had fixed their lariates about it so that it could be pulled over the trench.

Bill shouted, "All heads down," and the log rolled into place. Then another queer thing happened, which saved our scalps. As I was kneeling down, I poked my foot through the dirt at the side. I made the hole bigger, and just then the Reds cut one

of the ropes, and I knew they would be in upon us in no time. "Follow me," I shouted; and I plunged through, going, I knew not where. But I had no more than gotten through than I found myself in a sort of cave, probably washed out by the water. The rest tumbled in just as the log was lifted up.

Then, say, if you ever saw a bewildered bunch of Reds, those outside was some. They had expected six scalps out of that trench, and there wasn't a one to be seen. But they noticed the hole at the side and another yell went up. They started piling in and we turned loose the fireworks. About six fell in the trench, but the others just kept coming. But at that minute the rest of the pack broke and fled, to the surprise of all. Then we heard more shooting outside, and we climbed out over the dead bodies. There we saw a company of United States scouts rounding the Reds up.

Well, to make a long story short, the Reds were captured and driven back to the reservation, and we were taken to army headquarters and given a reception that would have made the king of England, Scotland and Wales slide on his ear with paralysis and St. Vitus dance.

That, gentleman, is the story of how we stopped the Reds at Deadman's Crossing. Whose deal?

French P.—Why, Freshie, why are you so thin?

Douglas—I—er—I take my lunch in the basement.

Miss Crane—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

Miss Leddy—I think you over estimate. the number of people who mind their own business.

When Diamonds Are Trumps

Miss Watson (Physical Geo.)—Give me the name of the largest known diamond.

Skip—The ace.

Mr. Searcy—Clarence, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong?

Skip G.—Yep, but I don't believe everything I hear.

Caller—Your sister is a long time making her appearance, Juell.

Juell H.—Yes, she's got to make it before she comes down.

RATTLE-SNAKES

By J. R. Talbot, '13.



HE rattle snake is generally supposed by a great many people to be almost extinct, but they are still quite numerous in California. There are to be found a great many rattlers on the government's reservation in Kern and Tulare counties. Two brothers were working for the government. They were sent out to see about planting some trees, and having no horses they were forced to walk.

A rattler will generally give warning before springing, and are not generally aggressive unless forced.

The brothers were journeying along peacefully, when they came upon a rattle snake. While teasing the reptile one of the brothers got a little too close and was attacked by the rattler, which struck its fangs into the man's boot-leg.

The fellow with the snake on his leg began to whirl around so as not to give the rattler a chance to drop to the ground and thereby strike him again. He called his brother, who, instead of coming began to laugh. Until the brother should stop laughing there was nothing to do but to keep turning, and giving vent to few words kept expressly for state occasions. Finally the brother stopped laughing and killed the snake, but not until the rattler's victim had become pretty weak in the knees.

* * * * *

The common method of killing rattlers in California is to get them to run, when they are seized by the tail and quickly jerked in such a manner as to snap off their heads.

* * * * *

One time, when rattle snakes were rather numerous in Sonoma county, and it was a common occurrence to see one crawling across the road, a teamster who was hauling

lumber had a unique experience. One morning he observed a large one crossing the road. He thought he would run over it, in order to get the rattles. He had planned to run over the center of the snake, but the wheel merely crossed the tail. The snake coiled on the wheel, caught the brake-rod, and started to climb towards the seat. The teamster, shouting "whoa" to his team, dismounted with one jump, and landed on the grass near the road. He cut a stick with his knife and killed the snake. But from that day he allowed snakes their share of the road.

* * * * *

One day a girl from the city went to visit relatives in the country. The family contained four children—two girls and two boys. The boys being full of mischief, decided to play a joke upon their visitor. Accordingly, they killed a large rattler, pulled off the rattles and placed the reptile in the girl's bed.

At the supper table the conversation drifted to snake stories. The boys urged their father to tell his best. Nothing loath to place himself somewhat in the light of a hero, he related the wildest tales he could imagine.

After talking for a long time after supper they decided it was time to go to bed. The visitor had no sooner gotten into bed than her feet came in contact with the cold rattles. She jumped out of bed with a scream, thinking she had narrowly missed being bitten by a snake. One of the girls came running into the room to see what was the matter.

"There's a snake in my bed, and I know it, because I felt it!"

Upon examination only the rattles were revealed.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

By Elmer Fresher, '14.



ED RILEY was a boy about seventeen who wished to study law. He lived with his father. His mother died when he was very young, and his father had not married again. They lived out of town a considerable distance and were not very well to do. His father had a very small income and was continually thinking how he could obtain enough money to send his son to a law school.

As Ned's father and his neighbors sat around the fire-place evenings, telling stories; he had often heard his father tell the story of the "hidden treasure."

The "hidden treasure" was a large amount of money that had been taken by an old miser into a cave known as "Ben's cave." The old miser had been seen to go in, but had never returned. Others had gone in search of the treasure and had never come back.

One evening his chum, Jack Lawson, came over. While the three were sitting around the fire-place, his father again told the story of the "hidden treasure." A new idea appeared in Ned's mind. He decided to go the next day and try his luck at finding the hidden treasure. That night, when Jack started home, Ned followed him to the door, and after they got outside he told Jack of his idea. Jack, who was full of adventure, thought the plan all right, so they decided to start the next morning.

The next morning came and Ned got ready to start. He decided not to let his father know what they were about, so he took his gun as if for hunting. It was not very long until they had reached Ben's cave, which was about one mile distant from Jack's home. Lighting his candles, Ned took the lead. Both were somewhat afraid,

but neither one said anything to the other about it. The cave was very broad at the entrance, but kept getting narrower as they proceeded. Suddenly it became very narrow and made a sharp bend. Just beyond the bend was a small crevice where light entered. Naturally this would attract one's attention, and it did so with the boys. Ned took but a few steps after making the turn, with his eyes turned toward the sunlight, when he stepped into a hole. He fell straight downward for a few feet, but struck a slanting rock which was very smooth. Ned tried to check himself, but in vain. Down, down, he slipped. But the slanting surface on which he was sliding, was divided by a partition of rock, and luckily he lodged on the left hand side of it. If he had dropped to the right hand side he would have fallen into a deep chasm. But as it was, he soon came to a standstill. He was frightened so badly that he could hardly speak, but he managed to yell to Jack. He told him to get the long rope at his place, which injunction Jack obeyed with alacrity. He tied a large rock to the end and lowered it, but it went on the right hand side of the partition. Jack shouted that he had reached the end of the rope. Ned had not felt the rope, so thought that it was too short.

In feeling around for the rope his hands came in contact with a small box. He lifted it, finding it heavy, and instantly thought what it must contain. More anxious than ever to get out, he shouted to Jack to get more rope. Jack soon got the rope and tied the two together. This time the rope took the left hand side of the partition. Ned took the rope in one hand and the box in the other. After some hard tugging Jack managed to bring Ned to the top. The boys opened the box and in it was—nothing.

The "hidden treasure" has never been found.



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WHAT THE EDITORS THINK

The literary contest is over. Of no less importance is the annual debate to be held soon after the Senior play.

While athletics is practically limited to the boys, the war of words is something in which the girls usually triumph. At least, we expect them to—considering the weapon used.

As a training for life work, the study and the practice of argumentation is on a level with the study and the production of literature. Each is a branch of English; each has the same function. The ability to communicate ideas is a power that we dare not despise; the necessity of reproducing thought is a condition that is not to be escaped.

While we are preparing ourselves for life, let us, by all means, train ourselves in its practical phases. Master Latin if you will; but master English above all. To have real power, you must be able to convince, to prove that black is white, to sway with the sound of your voice. To acquire such a force, what is more necessary than the knowledge of words? What more efficient than the practice of using them? To acquire a vocabulary, study literature; to learn how to use it, practice debate.

Before the final contest, a series of preliminary debates will be arranged. A plan has been devised, which, if put into execution, will provide opportunity for each pupil to demonstrate his ability and to become accustomed, by a gradual process, to the novelty of public speaking.

As a logical outgrowth of the internal activity thus created, a more general aspect may be taken. It might be well to do as kindred schools are doing—consider debating as a recognized organization of the school; to form a selected team; to send that team to compete with the teams of other schools. A debating league might well be established—just as we have athletic

leagues. Geographically a center, with railroads radiating in every direction, the facilities making toward the success of such a plan are obvious.

In conclusion, let us say, that any arrangement, innovation though it be, which tends to enlarge the area of training open to students, should receive our hearty support. THE ECHO is a champion of any such system.

* * * * *

We are glad to state that the fine spirit of enthusiasm which was engendered a year ago, fostered to maturity last semester, and at its prime at the present, is bidding high to endure. The training squad at work is a sight worth seeing; the treasurer's book is a bank account; the dues-collecting department has a sinecure; The Echo has the largest subscription in its history—and best of all, nobody "knocks!"

* * * * *

We note with pleasure, that a revival of excursions to field day seems to be taking place. The upper classmen will recall the good times enjoyed from such a source during the days of the old S. M. A. A. L. The excursion to Ukiah, a week from tomorrow, ought to consist very largely of Santa Rosa rooters. We will win the event, have a jolly time, and we trust, demonstrate the enthusiasm which all of us possess.

WHY NOT MAKE A TRAINLOAD?

NOTICE

All manuscripts designed for the April issue must be submitted by March 31st. Verse wanted.

ATHLETICS

The wearers of the Orange and Black

Last year were all victorious.

So on these heroes our hopes we'll stack,

For they'll make us a record glorious.

Owing to the frequent rains, training has been made rather difficult during the last month. But in spite of this, the athletes have done some excellent work. Ben Drake has been performing more wonders with the discus. He hurled it 92 feet, which is a High School record. Carroll Weeks, an old star, has been showing class in the weights and runs. Lambert is still up to his old standard, if not above it, in the pole vault and shot put. He has also lately discovered that he can broad jump. The first night he made 18 feet 6 inches, which fact means that unless Messrs. Clark and McIntosh get a hustle on, they will have to share broad-jumping honors with a third party. Cochrane has been coming pretty close to the High School limit in the high jump. He cleared the stick at 5 feet 6 inches. Fred Pederson is vaulting 10 feet regularly. The relay team is the same old invincible. Others who are helping make this season of athletics a busy one, and who have good chances to "grab" something in the meets are: Mills, Berry, Bettini, Talbott, Maroni, McPeak, Mitchell, Bussman and Chapman.

The result of the first night of the class meet was as follows:

Shot put—Lambert, '11, first; Weeks, '11, second; Drake, '11, third; Berry, '13, fourth. Distance 39 feet.

High jump—Cochrane, '11, first; Pederson, '13, second; Mills, '11, third; Gore, '12, fourth. Height 5 feet 6 ½ inches.

Broad jump—Clark, '11, first; McIntosh, '11, second; Mermann, '11, third; B. Mermann, '11, fourth. Distance 18 feet 6 inches.

Discus—Drake, '11, first; Bettini, '14, second; Bussman, '13, third; Corrick, '13, fourth.

Pole vault—Pederson, '13, and Lambert, '11, tied for first; Gore, '12, and Maroni, '13, tied for second. Height 10 feet.

First Night

Seniors, first, 127½ points; Sophomores, second, 25; Freshmen, third, 24; Juniors, fourth, 12½.

Second Night

50 yard dash—Wilson '11, Kinslow '11, McPeak '13, Pierce '12.

440 yard dash—Cochrane '11, Clark '11, Lingenfelter '14, Talbot '12.

Mile run—Chapman '14, Snider '11, Slyter '14, Andrews '14.

100 yard dash—Wilson '11, Clark '11, McIntosh '11, McPeak '13. Time :10.13.

Low Hurdles—Cochrane '11, Lambert '11, Weeks '11, Peterson '12. Time :28.

Third Night

Hammer Throw—Drake '11, King '11, Bussman '13, Peterson '14.

220 yard dash—McIntosh '11, and Clark '11, tie for first; Wilson '11, third; McPeak '13, fourth. Time :23.3.

High Hurdles—Mills '11, Gore '12, Weeks '11.

Half Mile—Cochrane '11, Chapman '14, Cameron '12, Maroni '13.

Relay, eight men, 220 yards—Won by Seniors, Sophomores second, Juniors third, Freshmen fourth. Time 3:34.

The Seniors broke the record by 31½

THE ECHO.

points. The record stood at 96 points, and was made by the 1910 class.

The Freshmen also broke their record. The '08 class held the previous record of 23 points.

Drake broke the hammer throw record by 5 feet.

The Northwestern Sub League meet will be held in Ukiah on April 1st—one week from tomorrow. The rooters' club should be busy next week, as Santa Rosa will be victorious. An excursion will be run with the remarkably low rate of one dollar for the round trip. This is your chance.

The system of training rules supported by the athletes are very rigid, and failure to follow them means dismissal from the team. The rules are enforced by the captain, the manager and the coach.

The use of tobacco, liquor, and certain stimulants are forbidden. The diet is restricted to wholesome foods. It is required that the athletes be in bed by a certain hour at least six nights in the week. One article provides for the keeping of order in the training room, which must be kept neatly at all times.

GOVERNING BOARD

A regular meeting was held February 13.

A can of floor-wax, to be used in the girls' basement, was allowed to be purchased.

The track manager was allowed to purchase a shovel, to be used in digging up the sand in the jumping pit.

Bruce Mermann's resignation as second-term representative was accepted at the regular meeting on February 27.

Jesse Lingenfelter and Elmer Fresher were nominated to fill the vacancy of second-term representative. Elmer Fresher was elected.

The treasurer's report up to February 9, was accepted.

The manager's report for the February Echo was accepted.

A regular meeting was held March 7.

The track manager was allowed to have forty hurdles made at a cost of \$20.

Mr. Steele (Hist. IV.)—What service did General Sherman render the United States before he served in the Civil war?

Madeline C.—He was with Washington at Valley Forge.

Lily L.—I dreamed of an elopement last night.

Mary W.—You shouldn't let your imagination run away with you that way.

Miss Crane (Chem.)—If boron is not found in a free state, where is it found?

Carroll Mc. (thinking of Hist. IV.)—Why er—er—in a slave state, I believe.

Miss Watson (Physical Geometry)—What is the name of the people who live in Turkey?

Class—Turks.

Miss Watson—Now, who can tell what those living in Austria are called?

Grace Smith—I know; ostriches.

Ruth T. (in the library)—Do you know how long every man (Everyman) is?

Miss Mize—No, I don't.

Ruth T.—Then I'll take a "School for Scandal."

Charles C.—Yes, I'll admit that women have better complexions than men.

Ida H.—Naturally.

Charles—No—er—excuse me; artificially.



SCHOOL NOTES

In commemoration of Washington's birthday, a splendid program was arranged by the students of the High School. Two vocal numbers were rendered by Paul Cochran, as well as a vocal duet by Lillian Stein and Lea Spooner.

The special programs that are being arranged each week by the various members of the Student Body prove to be very pleasing and are enjoyed by all.

The members of the cast are working diligently to have the production of the Senior class play, "His Father," a success. Rehearsals will now occur every Saturday evening until the play is produced.

The Student Body was favored a few weeks ago by the selections which were rendered by Mrs. Marvin P. Holmes. Mrs. Holmes gave a synopsis of the numbers and pointed out very pleasingly the difference in each class of music which was given. A composition of her own was also given. Her numbers were enjoyed immensely by all.

Miss Mildred Peterson was home last week from San Jose Normal.

Owing to the resignation of Mr. Jeffries,

DeWitt Montgomery has been added to the faculty.

The hot lunch which was served in the girls' basement of the High School was a convenience to those who hitherto brought their lunches, but it has been discontinued.

The class in physiology under the direction of Miss Watson, visited the Burbank school in order to study ventilation. This proved exceedingly interesting and instructive to all the members of the class.

On Arbor Day another splendid program was given. The following numbers were rendered: Violin solo by Walton Hastings, accompanied by Mrs. Minnie Mills; an interesting paper on "The Economic Value of Birds," by Esther Gilkey; a paper by Olive Wright on the "Value of Forests," and an interesting talk on "Plant Breeding" by Howard Gilkey.

Mr. Peter, a graduate of the High School, as well the University of California, gave a short but interesting talk on the "Mojave Desert."

Since the resignation of Mr. Jeffries, the orchestra work is being continued under the direction of Mrs. Mills.



EXCHANGES

"Collegian," Fort Worth, Texas: Your literary department is, as usual, up to its high standard. We still insist that more cuts would improve your appearance.

"The Toltec," Durango, Colorado: A neat little paper, full of live stories and good jokes. The various activities are well written.

"Artisan," Boston, Mass.: A thoroughly representative paper. Contains some good material. You need more cuts.

"The Hitchcock Sentinel," San Rafael, Cal.: This little news sheet comes again, interesting as usual.

"The Hilltop," Jersey City, N. J.: A good issue. Your school activities are well written but poorly arranged.

"The Normal Record," Chico, Cal.: An excellent number. A table of contents would be of more interest than those eight pages of ads in the front. That space also belongs to the literary department.

"The Nooz," Stevens Point, Wis.: We are very sorry to note that you take our criticisms as "extinguishers." The Echo thoroughly understands the limitations of narrow financial bounds and sympathizes

with you. Please re-read the note at the head of "Exchanges" in the November issue. Your material this month is up to the same standard which has so pleased us in previous issues.

"The Tripod," Saco, Maine: A well arranged and well edited paper. You need cuts. They will have a tendency to make your pages have a more inviting appearance. The stories are good.

"The Oracle," Bakersfield, Cal.: You have ample room, so why no table of contents? Your literary material is good. The various athletic activities are very well written up. However, you need more cuts.

"Ripples," Cedar Falls, Iowa: No table of contents and misplaced editorials are your only shortcomings. Your literary material is very good. Local activities are well represented. Your joshes, both original and borrowed, are exceptionally good.

"Olla Podrida," Berkeley, Cal.: Where is your table of contents? Your literary and department material is very good. We are glad to note that you are undertaking "Student Control."

THE ECHO.

THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

By L. C. Towne '14

Oh, Senior class of June '11,
Your play was not set up in heaven,
But in the good old Berkeley town,
Where college boys do things up brown.

We all are working hard, you know,
To give the best kind of a show;
The cast is strong with twenty-two,
And that, I say, is not a few.

"Hap" Abeel as "Steady" West,
Is certainly the best of best;
Lingenfelter as "His Pop,"
I tell you now, is just tip-top.

Nat Schmulowitz, the bright play-wright,
Does make us work with all our might:
So come and bring your fairest dame,
To make her scream will be our aim.

CALIFORNIA VICTORIOUS

By Juliet Tod.

"Three cheers for San Francisco!"
Again it rose and fell;
"We've got the Exposition,
Blow the whistles; ring the bell!"

We waited long to hear the news
That flashed from sea to sea,
By telephone and telegraph,
Our glorious victory.

"Hurrah for California,
She won the Exposition!"
For Frisco's men and Frisco's charms
Have smothered opposition.

CALIFORNIA VICTORIOUS

By Al. Maroni.

In San Francisco joy abounds,
For she has won the day;
In New Orleans the waiting crowds
Are stricken with dismay.

The news that came from Washington
Has filled us with delight;
With bursting bombs and rockets' glare
We celebrate tonight.

The joyful truth that came to us
While we were waiting there,
Was how our city bravely won
The Nineteen Fifteen Fair.

CALIFORNIA VICTORIOUS

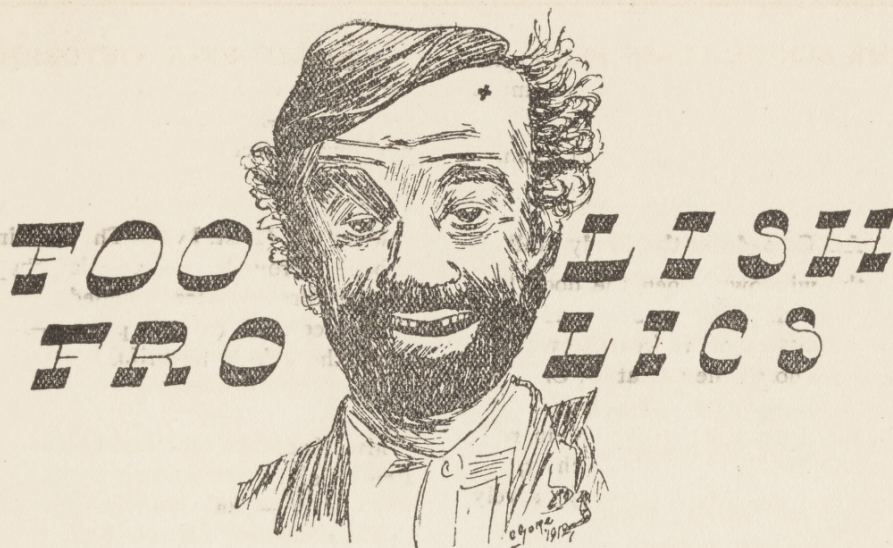
By Louis C. Towne.

Great City, by the Golden Gate,
To thee we sing this joyous lay;
We know how thou didst wait thy fate
Upon that glad eventful day.

The bombs burst forth upon the air,
The country swains came forth in glee,
For San Francisco won the fair,
Had gained a noble victory.

The gracious sun dispelled each cloud,
The green wet grass gave beauteous
sheen;
The multitude shouted aloud,
For Frisco and Nineteen Fifteen.





Mary's Menagerie

Mary had a little lamb,
 'Twas Persian—on the coat;
 She also had a musk or two
 About her dainty throat.
 A bird of Paradise, a tern,
 And ermine made the hat,
 That perched at jaunty angle
 On the coiffure, largely rat.
 Her tiny boots were sable-topped,
 Her gloves were muskrat, too;
 Her muff had heads and tails of half
 The "critters" in the zoo.
 And when she walked abroad, I ween,
 She feared no wintry wind;
 At keeping warm 'twas plain to see,
 She had all nature "skinned."

Sam—Have you heard of the new attachment on Ben's auto?

Charles C.—Yes; the sheriff attached it yesterday.

Rachel L.—It seems strange that of all girls you should love me alone.

Howard G.—That's right; you don't expect me to make a fool of myself in public, do you?

Courteous

Miss Watson, while walking backwards, in Physiology II., came in contact with the book-case. Without turning around she said, "Oh pardon me, did I almost kill you?"

Education

Freshman—May I trouble you a moment, Mr. Steele?

Upper classman—Say, coach; how about this?

Graduate—Hey, you; come here a minute.

Contented

My sombrero doesn't reach over the ocean,
 Nor does it reach over the sea;
 But it does reach over Carrie,
 And that's enough for me.

—Carroll W.

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THE ECHO.

Miss Crane (Physics)—Ben, that explanation was not very clear. Can you make it any clearer?

Ben D.—Get me a dictionary and I can.

Fresh Air Crusade in the Study Hall

Up with the windows—open the doors!
Fresh air, cold air; give me some more!
What is the difference, if freezing we be,
So long as we do as the say at U. C.
Radiators four, the room does hold,
Three hundred people, the number in roll;
A cold in the head, pneumonia in chest,
But what's the difference—they surely
know best.

Narrow Escape

Esther M. (to mother)—Oh, I was awfully scared today. Sam and I were out walking and we met the minister and he asked to join us.

Teacher (Eng. II.)—Miss Turner, that poetry of yours was scanable, but I can assure you that it was most scandalous.

Estelle H.—Edith, did you ever see a saw-fish?

Edith McNutt—No, but I once saw a sea-fish.

Carroll W.—Yes; I rather have you refrain that sing.

Donald McPeak—I wish that I could find something to absorb my mind.

Anna G.—Have you tried blotting paper?

Rachel Lee (Hist. IV.)—California is very important. There is a great deal of mining, and much agriculture is raised here.

Russell Snyder (Hist. IV.)—In the battle there was a terrible loss of death.

Chester G.—The fact is, that you girls make fools of the boys.

Edna P.—Sometimes, perhaps; but it is not always necessary.

Mary W. (Hist. IV.)—The Merrimac was a boat of rounded rectangular shape—that is, the corners were rounded.

Kathleen M. (at the piano)—Don't you think the refrain beautiful?

Mr. Montgomery (Eng I. B)—Who was Ben Shie?

Nada W.—She swept the cobwebs from the sky.

There was a young Irishman, Pat,
Who happened to sit on his hat.

"You can thank yourself, b'y,"

Said Mike, with a sigh,

"That you head wasn't there where you
sat." —Ex.

Minister—Do you take this man for better or for worse?

Bride-elect—Better; he couldn't be any worse. —Ex.

Mr. Steele (Hist. IV.)—What terms did Grant give to Lee's soldiers when they surrendered?

Neva B.—He said they could keep their horses and their arms.

M. F. NOACK

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THE ECHO.

A B C D E F G,
What if you a Freshman be;
H I J K L M N,
Presto, a Sophomore then;
O P Q R S T U,
A Junior then, through and through;
V W and X Y Z—
A Senior—Oh, gee. —Edna C.

Earl W. (in Chem. ex.)—I can't answer those questions.

Miss Crane—Then, open your book and study.

Earl—I haven't a book.

Miss Crane—Borrow one.

Earl—They are all in use.

Mr. Steele (idiscussing the Civil war)—For what was the 18th of April noted?

Will Lambert—The earthquake?

Laurene O.—Have you ever loved any other girl?

Leo N.—Sure; I can bring you half a dozen written testimonials if necessary.

Sam M.—I'm not up on these things. Suppose a girl sends you a beautiful and artistic penwiper?

Roy M.—Yes.

Sam—Will she feel hurt if you spoil its appearance by using it, or feel hurt if you don't?

Miss Wirt—Dale, why do we celebrate Lincoln's birthday?

Dale W.—'Cause there aint no school.

Mr. Steele—At the least, learn to stand when you speak, whether you say anything or not.

Miss O'Meara was entertaining company with descriptions of her trip abroad and she mentioned the clock at Strasburg.

Charlotte Van W.—O yes, I have heard all about that; and did you see the watch on the Reine, too?

Mr. Steele (Hist. IV.)—Can you tell me anything about the amendments made before the thirteenth amendment was adopted?

Laurence M.—Yes, there were twelve amendments before they made the thirteenth.

Mr. Searcy (Alg. IV.)—Now, there are five elements in a progression; how many must you know in order to find the other two?

Alice De—Four.

In Economics

Mr. Steele—Walton, state the law of diminishing returns.

Walton—It is the arithmetical standard of capital taken geometrically, according to the capitalitees, or physiological capacity of the capitalist in investing his capital with profitable returns.

Mr. Steele—Well, yes; I guess that is correct.

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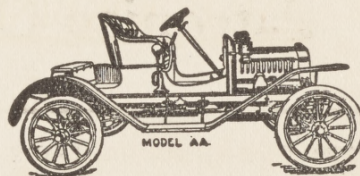
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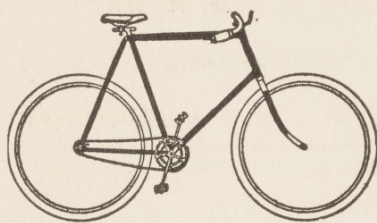
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Helen W.—How?

Emily—I was stung by a queen bee yesterday.

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Said the shoe to the stocking,
I'll make a hole in you;
Said the stocking to the shoe,
I'll be darned if you do.

Beggar—Lady, please help me to recover my child!

Lady—Is your child lost?

Beggar—No, but his clothes are worn out.

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Who loved a young lassie named Tillie,

But when the day came

She would not change her name,
Saying, "I'll be mermaid, not Merman."

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Tillie de—I will.

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